

ON THE
DEATH OF MRS. HARDY,
WIFE OF
MR. THOMAS HARDY,
OF PICCADILLY;
IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER
FOR
HIGH TREASON.

She expired in Child-bed on Wednesday, August 27, 1794,
and declared in her last moments, that she died a martyr to
the sufferings of her husband

L O N D O N;

Sold by J. SMITH, No. 1 Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's-Inn-
Fields;

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1794.

Price One penny, or Seven Shillings per Hundred.



ON 'THE
DEATH OF MRS. HARDY.

EXALTED hero! glory of my verse;
THY WEIGHTY SUFFERINGS! would the muse rehearse!
With melting lays obtain the listening ear,
And draw from Pity's eye, the pearly tear.
I see thee, fetter'd in tyrannic chains,
Thy spirit laden with a thousand pains;
Yet heedless to the mighty load of woe,
No plaint is heard, no tears are seen to flow;
The pleasing hope of bringing SLAVES RELIEF,
Inspires thy gen'rous soul, and lulls thy grief.
On Heav'n reclining, still thou hop'st to see
All tyrants dead, and heav'n born LIBERTY
Her gentle sway extending all around,
Each human forehead with her LAURELS crown'd!
But why art thou enchain'd what hellish might,
Presum'd to rob thee, of thy dearest right?
To rob the world; so good a man confin'd,
He suffers not alone, but all mankind!
'Twas TYRANNY'S FELL DEED; his haggard eyes,
Saw truth in thee, reflected from the skies;
Bright as the morning planet, with her light,
Chasing the shadows of retreating night;
And trembled lest the SECRETS should be known,
That are in HELL conceal'd, and prop his Throne,
With the strong energy of fear impress,

The

Thee, SON OF HEAV'N! his iron hands arrest;
 Grasp not alone the common joys of life,
 But ev'n the brightest gem, THY LOVING WIFE!
 Inhuman monster! smiling at the smart,
 That nature shot thro' each united heart.
 BEHOLD THE SCENE, the piercing scene appear!
 Imagination drops a pitying tear.
 Bereft of thee, thy tender partner pines,
 Thinks of thy state, and dangers new divines;
 'Till in her bosom, black despair conceives,
 Nor beam of hope the pungent pain relieves;
 Tho' thy misfortunes all her efforts claim,
 The hand of nature bears upon her frame:
 Feeble, and unassisted, hear her cry,
 "For thee O husband! 'Tis for thee I die!"
 The martyr falls—Angelic guides convey,
 The spirit to the climes of endless day.
 Ah! now the cruel tidings reach thine ear,
 Thy dauntless courage melts into a fear:
 Thy joints relax, thy fearful face grows wan,
 And all the stoic softens into man.
 For one soft moment, other cares resign'd,
 Ev'n LIBERTY, her image fills thy mind;
 Yet in the cause thy soul unmov'd remains,
 And from th' OPPRESSOR'S ROD new vigor gains,
 How great thy sufferings! how amazing great
 Thy patience, future poets shall relate!
 Man shall record with gratitude thy name,
 The winds from pole to pole, shall waft thy fame.
 And (if the muse her object may pursue,
 And set futurity to mortal view;)

Ere thou rejoicing yield'st thy fleeting breath,

Thy

Thy wife to follow thro' the paths of death.
 FREEDOM SHALL REIGN! from earth thou shalt arise,
 And bear the tidings to th' impatient skies!
 And will ye deign to hear my mean applause,
 Ye friends of man, and pillars of the cause!
 Who firm as rocks, amid the storm have stood,
 And dar'd all dangers for the public good;
 Ye, who with HARDY NOW are doom'd to feel,
 The lawless vengeance of ambitious zeal!
 How wou'd my heart with gen'rous rapture glow,
 Could my weak strain alleviate your woe;
 Inspire some noble bosom, to a deed,
 Humanity and Nature's dictates plead,
 To PITY YOUR MISFORTUNES; and impart
 His needful succour,—Every feeling heart,
 Eager must yield the strongest aid it can,
 To prop the cause of God, of Angel and of Man!

A FRIEND TO THE DISTRESSED PATRIOTS

FINIS.

N. B. The profits arising from this Poem, will be appropriated to the benefit of wives and families of persons imprisoned by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

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